Marietta

FISHER JUNIOR COLLEGE

1986

CHARLES VIEWER

Minetta —

Eat your best out.
I know that you really
want to be the advisor —
it will earn work at 7:45 AM
to work even
in addition to our 10 hours a week.
This is a limited edition, so guard it
carefully. Consider yourself envoy
the Pleiades.

Paula J.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jacqui Alexander
Brenda Almstrom
Elizabeth Bonsignore
Jennifer Boudrot
Beth Bowen
Jennifer Bradford
Marlene Brenes
Mary Caldwell
Jeanne Clarkin
Mary DeBaggis
Lyn Denton
Anne DeRuzzo
Ingrid DeVries
Rina DeVito
Chris Dorman
Jodi Dunn
Patti Dyment
Christy Feeney
Denine Gobbi
Debi Goodman
Deb Gray
Martha Houts
Juanita Kang
Lisa Kasparian
Robin Kiskunes
Debbie Kramer
Kim Lambert
Cynthia Lofgren
Elizabeth Luna
Jyll Maxwell
Pam McKeown
Margaret Moizeau
Jill Morrison
Sheryl Nado
MaryGrace O'Hora
Maria-Jose Pabon
Ana Pena
Jill Ragozzine
Karla Rednall
Sherry Rega
Marna Ringel
TommiLee Campbell-Riquinha
AnnaLisa Salustri
Andrea Santos
Meca Sauls
Robin Scotton
Lesley Shinn
Becky Smith
Sonja Speedy
Amanda Sybicki
Dawn Sylvia
Sarah Varley
Lisa Viall
Heidi Webber
Jennifer Wright

CONTEST WINNERS

PROSE

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

Lesley Shinn

POETRY

I DID

Mary Caldwell

PHOTOGRAPHY

PIANO KEYS

Mary Caldwell

ART

FACE

Jeanne Clarkin

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Mary DeBaggis

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Mary Caldwell

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A LIFE
Karla Rednall

CLOTHES
Jacqui Alexander

WHO'S FALLING?
Margaret Moizeau

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE FOUNTAIN
Sherry Rega

EGGS
Mary Caldwell

STAIRWAY THROUGH THE WOODS
Sherry Rega

ART

MONKEYS
Jennifer Bradford

TWO HORSES
Robin Scotton

INDIAN RUNNING
Sherry Rega

THE MAN IN MY FATHER

Too many expectations for a weak man
--not a terrible ogre--just a misguided boy
with losses of his own.
Such responsibilities and numerous
temptations; he faltered and fell....
He was not able to fill the hole he'd dug.
It was easier to just dig deeper and
deeper--never reaching the core--never
wanting to--until all sensibilities were abandoned.

He fought at first to keep his own pride
and manliness the only way he knew
how...by hurting those he loved.
Still he is as human as the rest of us
with just as many imperfections.
He would not allow himself to become close,
for closeness caused old scars to open, and
old wounds bleed again.
He never learned to give of himself...
was not fortunate enough to have such a teacher.

His eyes are those of an unhappy old
man; those of someone who has paid
dearly for ignorance.
The hurt, suffering and remorse are all there...
shadowing the once exasperating blue to
a dull grey.
He still cannot bring himself to admit
past mistakes.
Instead he lives only in the present, not allowing
himself the memories of yesterday.
Yet his eyes show his many regrets.

Can he be blamed for his behavior?
Should he be punished even though he was
never taught differently
just because he was weak and could not carry
his own burden?

He is a lonely, broken man now
trying to replenish the love he once took away.
He asks only for forgiveness, not by word of
mouth, but by his lonely eyes.
Shall he be forgiven?
That depends only on us, only on our
own strength and endurance;
Only by our capacities to realize...
He is just a man.

Jyll Maxwell

HONORABLE MENTION

Sherry Rega

The sun is setting
darkness begins to prevail
nature is quiet

Robin Kiskunes

Sun shines strong yet less
for fear of war is near us
will tomorrow be

MaryGrace O'Hora

Wooden branches dark
soft petals of lily white
one is death, one life

Lisa Viall

THE HIGHWAY

Cruising down the highway,
trying to reach our destiny,
the cycle is screeching
and humming in my ears.
The wind is pounding,
but gives me a feeling
of being free and unattached
to any worry in the world.
As I sit on this piece of steel,
my hands wrapped around your waist,
afraid to let go
for fear of losing you.
Our destination has arrived.
We are here.
The sand, the sun, the ocean.
The intensity of the heat
makes me drift off
into a deep, wonderful sleep,
dreaming of past memories.

Debbi Kramer

FIRST PRIZE: PHOTOGRAPHY

Mary Caldwell

The unfeeling wind
brings the whisper of sadness
death is in the air

Robin Kiskunes

Ribbons of colors
Yet sunshowers must happen
Bridges of success

Heidi Webber

Galloping horses
most beautiful animal
jealousy prevails

Lisa Viall

There are times
When the days
Are long and ugly.
When I have
So many wants that
I become lost.
I don't understand.
I don't understand.
My mind hurts
It feels boggled.
Too many things to learn
In such a short time.
Why worry--
Nothing will change
Time just goes on
And things will get better.
Yesterday was yesterday
But tomorrow is a whole new
beginning.

Martha Houts

THE UNICORN

A unicorn
captured through man's imagination,
found in the mountains of high Ethiopia,
bringing riches for those who seek.
like
the white moon gleaming in darkness,
the beauty of all God's creatures,
and the purity of a newborn babe
symbolizing
Christ.

Debbie Kramer

The world of glory
marvel at its creation
rejoice in God's name

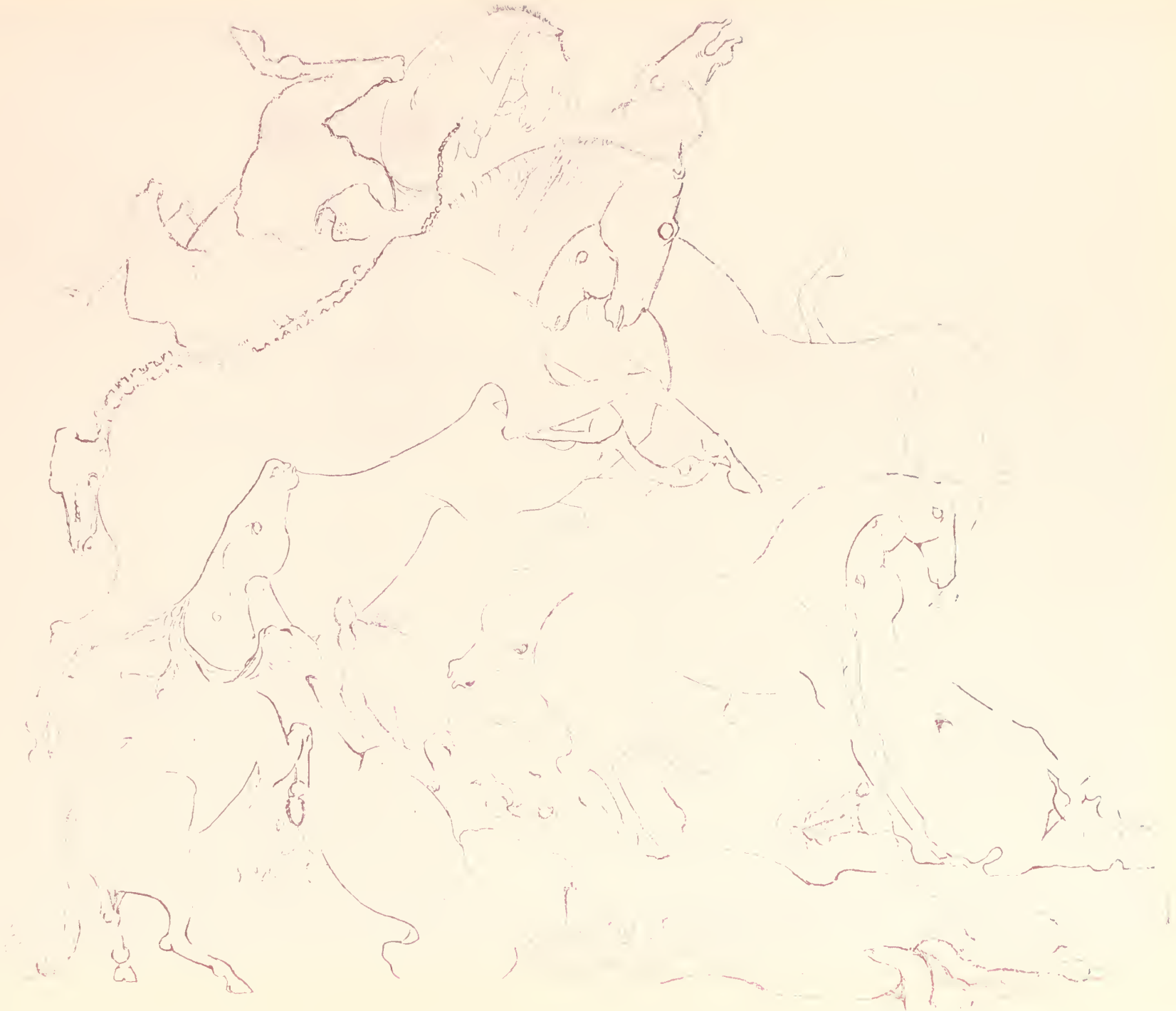
Robin Kiskunes

Subtle is the moon
The sky is merely blackness
Love is found in stars

MaryGrace O'Hora

Fairy steals moonbeam
Moon quivers and disappears
Dejected wolf howls

TommiLee Campbell-Riquinha



Robin Scotton

IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES OF OURS

Trouble may come at you from behind walls,
It may quietly stalk you down the halls.
You know not, where it may approach you from,
You know not even just when it may come.
The depth of this trouble, to see, is hard,
What can possibly be dealt in my cards?
What kind of trouble, too, is hard to see,
But are you sure it's for you, or for me?
But think now, should we live in total fear,
Jumping at every shadow that is near?
Instead we should all watch those who we love,
With the gentle touch of the wings of doves,
Forever trusting the Giver of Love.

Deb Gray

The sea of wonder
waves of splendor full of life
moods always changing

Robin Kiskunes

A NEW GENERATION

I try to tell myself that they still love me.
After all...
I raised them
nurtured them
was there when they took their first careless steps
kissed away their hurt when they stumbled
held them in my arms
allowed them to grow
watched their dreams sprout
guided them as they reached towards the visions of their future

My reward?

"A new home," says my daughter cunningly.
"With people who can care for you," agrees my son tactfully.
"You'll be happy here," they announce cheerily,

But...I know I'm here to die.

Mary Caldwell

HONORABLE MENTION

Sherry Rega

Sonja Speedy

Early morning fire
the zest of life it gives back
feel the burning sun.

Patti Dyment

A child weeping near
a river drifting slowly
the sounds of silence.

Ingrid DeVries

A lonely daisy
basking in the summer sun
among nature's gold.

Ingrid DeVries

Summer breeze wanders
softly pushing leaves aside
like gentle fingers.

Jill Ragozzine

Marlene Brenes

UNKNOWN TO MAN

The waves of anger and despair
Throw themselves onto the white sand
With a desperate try to show
The world around them that they too
Have feelings of human nature

They cower back
And once more
They come forward
And slam down
Upon the ground
With anger
Unknown to man

The water comes forward
Onto the beach
The waves become larger
And try to reach
The soul of a woman
Who cries for love
She is unknown to man

The man was a soldier
She didn't know
He fought for liberty
Why did he go
Possibly he left her
She wasn't good
He is unknown to man

There is a picture
Held in her heart
Of love and laughter
And tears of joy
Come tears of sadness
The room next door
For the man unknown

The tears
Unlike hers
Flow hot
For father
For he
Is the man
Unknown

Jennifer Bradford

Sherry Rega

Growing big and green
Leaves and branches form the bark
Clothing of the earth

Kathy Pitts

Swooping through heaven
Dreaming oh, angelique bird
Let goodness prevail

Karla Rednall

Long like a blood vessel
But in crevices of Earth
Lies a stream of life

Maria Clifford

Eagle screeches, dives
rabbit burrows into earth
safe for the moment.

TommiLee Campbell-Riquinha

Marlene Brenes

Running through the corn
they tear the garden apart
small masked bandits.

Christy Feeney

HONORABLE MENTION

Jennifer Bradford

RECOLLECTION OF A DREAM

I dreamed about her again. In the dream I could see her figure sitting at the piano in her beloved red Wrangler sweatshirts and faded jeans. She was singing--her deep, rich voice filling the silence and her fingers dancing magically up and down the ivory keys. It was her favorite tune, "The Sting." The scent of her perfume, Jean Nate, mingled in the air. I was in the room--a carefree child once again. My mother turned for a moment and smiled, winking mischievously at me. I laughed and smiled back good-naturedly. We are together, reunited for one single moment and then suddenly the dream ends, reality setting in. I awaken with the taste of salt in my mouth and my pillow damp beneath me. I close my eyes again hoping, praying to recapture the dream but it is impossible.

The piano sits in the same, unchanged position--open as if awaiting her radiant arrival but no one plays the piano anymore. The music books lay piled high in the basement, dusty and molding, slowly destroyed by time. Time will never consume my memories; they are not to be forgotten.

Mary Caldwell

Bright is morning light
that peaks through the bedroom shades
awakening all within

Robin Kiskunes

Catch not the silence
hear what is given to you
see what they cannot

MaryGrace O'Hora

The mind... the seasons...
changing personalities--
all from cold to hot

Heidi Webber

Pond peacefully sleeps
the cool dew upon the grass
While Sun slowly rises

Dawn Sylvia

Evening dew greets
Sunshine flashing off droplets
Bird chirps to greet dawn

TommiLee Campbell-Riquinha

Jeanne Clarkin

MY VIEW

The actual word is probably the most complex word in Webster's. What is life? Life is fun, sad, happy, horrible and monotonous. Does life continue on forever, or is it mortal? One never knows. Is life just a bunch of cells that clump together in the body, or does it reach limits beyond this?

Life is just not physical, it is mental. I am living my life now, presently I am content, willful and looking forward to enhance my life with more knowledge, happiness and awareness. I am one of the more fortunate people. A good family, health, personality and friendships--what else could I ask for? Why wasn't I born on a boat in Haiti with malaria and scabies? The Hatian child is not thinking to herself, "Why wasn't I born in Fairfield, Connecticut with two brothers and three sisters?" This child thinks there is no better life.

Life to me is jumping in the rain, sleeping in a pile of leaves, throwing snow in my face, eating a delicious meal, kissing a cat and skipping with a little girl. All very simple things yet they are very meaningful to me.

I keep life tightly wrapped in scented cloth in my drawer. Each day I take out a piece carefully. If it was a good day I hold the cloth, not wanting to return it to my drawer. If it was a day full of malice and dismay, I think there is never a reason to open my drawer again. When the sun goes up it is a new beginning. This precious cargo in my drawer is like china that is very fragile.

I hope the cloth won't dwindle away from me completely. Some people just don't realize how amazing this world really is. Life can be described on paper as words, on walls as heiroglyphics or graffiti, or engraved cuneiform on stone tablets.

So reader of my depictions: jump in a puddle, throw snow in your face and kiss a cat then ask yourself... What is the meaning of life?

Marna Ringel

Loons in the water
making beautiful noises
disappear beneath

Christy Anne Feeney

Rain and clouds dismal
chills uncomfortably wet
ambition dry heat

Lisa Viall

Sherry Rega

Marlene Brenes

Glossy as the moon
with lightning on his back
visible at night.

Jill Morrison

The blistering winds
Scratch against her heavy lids
To awaken her

Mary Grace O'Hora

Watching winter snow
crystal prisms fill my eyes
colors of my soul.

Jill Ragozzine

Home yet so fragile
spun by the creature that lives
away with the wind.

Kim Lambert

My sins forgiven
like the footprints washed on shore
natural cleansing

Sarah Varley

A tree is lonely...
naked in the winter time--
fully dressed in spring

Heidi Webber

Nature is alive
when the songs of spring break free
spring has come at last

Robin Kiskunes

DAVID

Remember the summer we had,
because it's all behind
We must get on with our lives
and see what we can find.

What we had is in the past
I wish I could forget
I thought for sure, that we would last
but maybe this way's best.

I thought I meant a lot to you,
because you did to me.
How you felt I wish I knew
but I guess you've made me see.

I wish I could forget,
you leave me only pain.
I wish we never met
so memories would not remain.

Letting you go and setting you free
is something I must do,
it's not going to be easy for me
but I'll do it for you.

Goodbye for now and forever;
please just set me free
because "us" being together
was just never meant to be.

Denine Gobbi

The Leaves have fallen
   The brisky winds chill the birds
Off they go flying

Dawn Sylvia

STANDING TALL

Standing tall,
Overlooking the skyscrapers
Against the crimson sunset.
Inviting I wonder?
Will I be able to conquer all
In this diverse metropolis?
The multitudes of people
Going about their business
No time for conversation--
No time for eye contact--
A place of everchanging happenings.
These ambivalent feelings
That once clogged my mind
have vanished
The courage and knowledge I've gained
have answered the question.
I will conquer....

Mary DeBaggis

Crawling so quiet
throughout the hall of darkness
lying on the floor

Lisa Kasparian

Mary Caldwell

Sherry Rega

The cries for help
Were not heard
in the unknown sky.
This pitiful creature
floats above the clouds
illuminated by the red sun
She had never been free.

Mary DeBaggis

Tan and golden brown
are leaves as they are falling
fools believe another

Lisa Viall

CRIME

A wound festers and grows bigger in the night.
A beast comes alive and its footprint is blood.
Close your doors; crime is passing[
Close your ears, and you won't hear its scream.
Shield your eyes, and you won't see the blood
On its hands.
Night is its partner for it covers the blood,
Till dawn reveals it.
Cry for its victims and watch the beast smile.
Pray for justice and peace,
Your only savior.

Jacqui Alexander

THE SELF

You are everywhere I go
You are the spirit
You are the consciousness
You are life
You are love
You are the one.

AnnaLisa Sulistri

Mary Caldwell

HONORABLE MENTION

THE BOSTON PUBLIC GARDENS

The Boston Public Gardens is ablaze with autumn. It is the most beautiful of the historical places in Boston. Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the Public Gardens is the bronze statue of George Washington. The large statue rests upon a granite pedestal. The statue itself is illuminated by the strong sun that beats down on it. Washington's horse is carved so exactly that every intimate detail is visible. The reality of the tail is exemplified through the vertical carvings done by the artist. Just above, with his legs straddling the horse, Washington sits erect. His features are so precise and his eyes contain such force and direction one can almost picture him charging into battle. His seriousness is illustrated by his hollow cheekbones, his slightly parted lips, and his wrinkled brow.

Gusts of gentle winds blow about the glistening pond which shimmers in the sunlight. The feathers from fluttering ducks are scattered about the gleaming waters and the currents flow gently with the breeze. Tiny goldfish swim nervously beneath and a mirror-like image can be seen in the tranquil blue waters. In the center of the pond rests an island, surrounded by trees and bushes. On the trees, the leaves have turned from their cool green colors to variegated shades of crimson, yellow, and ochre. A granite support encircles and insulates the island.

On the far side of the Boston Public Gardens stands a granite bridge, beige in color. The sky reflects upon the Chartreuse wrought iron fence that encompasses it. Upon the fence rests several large flower containers. Magnificent blossoms flourish in shades of lavender and gold. The base of the bridge appears rough, but the multitudes of people passing over it make any intricate distinctions difficult.

Mary DeBaggis

Marlene Brenes

HONORABLE MENTION

Sherry Rega

Dreams
    are found within the heart
    within the soul
    and within the mind.
like
    the gulls that fly over the sea
    The flowers blooming throughout the valleys
    and the sun beaming down on God's precious Earth
granting
    happiness to all

    Debbie Kramer

Sonja Speedy

To walk barefooted
onto earth's freshly made grass
The pleasures of spring

Ingrid DeVries

Jennifer Bradford

EVERY MORNING

When you wake up
and you open your eyes
maybe you think it is
a day like every other day
but remember
it is a new opportunity
to give a step
to get ahead
to get a friend
to give a smile
to see the flowers
and to enjoy all the beautiful things
around you
it is also a new chance to say
I'm alive
and I can have happiness

Elizabeth Luna

Mary Caldwell

NIGHT

It sweeps me in and with such surprise
I feel an air of bewilderment and passion

So completely separate from its other half

I find myself driving towards a crossroad
Searching...

Searching for an infamous question
Which I, myself, cannot answer

Until the wheels carry and lurch me forward into the shocking, pink
Daylight.

Becky Smith

Marlene Brenes

Mary Caldwell

Jennifer Bradford

Dry, golden corn fields
Tears strike, death stalks, crying cold
Crisp wind swept and gone

Chris Dorman

As the birds fly south
we tend to feel some sorrow
but, they will return.

Debi Goodman

Darkness falls sooner
hibernation has begun
spring seems far away.

Kim Lambert

Swift runs the river
swinging around the wide bend
moving silently.

Lyn Denton

Solitude in air
But howling sounds stir in night
Thoughtful is the mood

Maria Clifford

HONORABLE MENTION

Robin Scotton

THE STORM

The rain falls hard,
Slamming against the cold, gray pavement

Like the thought in my mind

Melancholy is the attitude

Slowly, I am being swept away
into a world of my own

A sense of helplessness has fallen upon me

Frustrated, I cannot comprehend
Why the storm hit you so hard

Becky Smith

DARKNESS

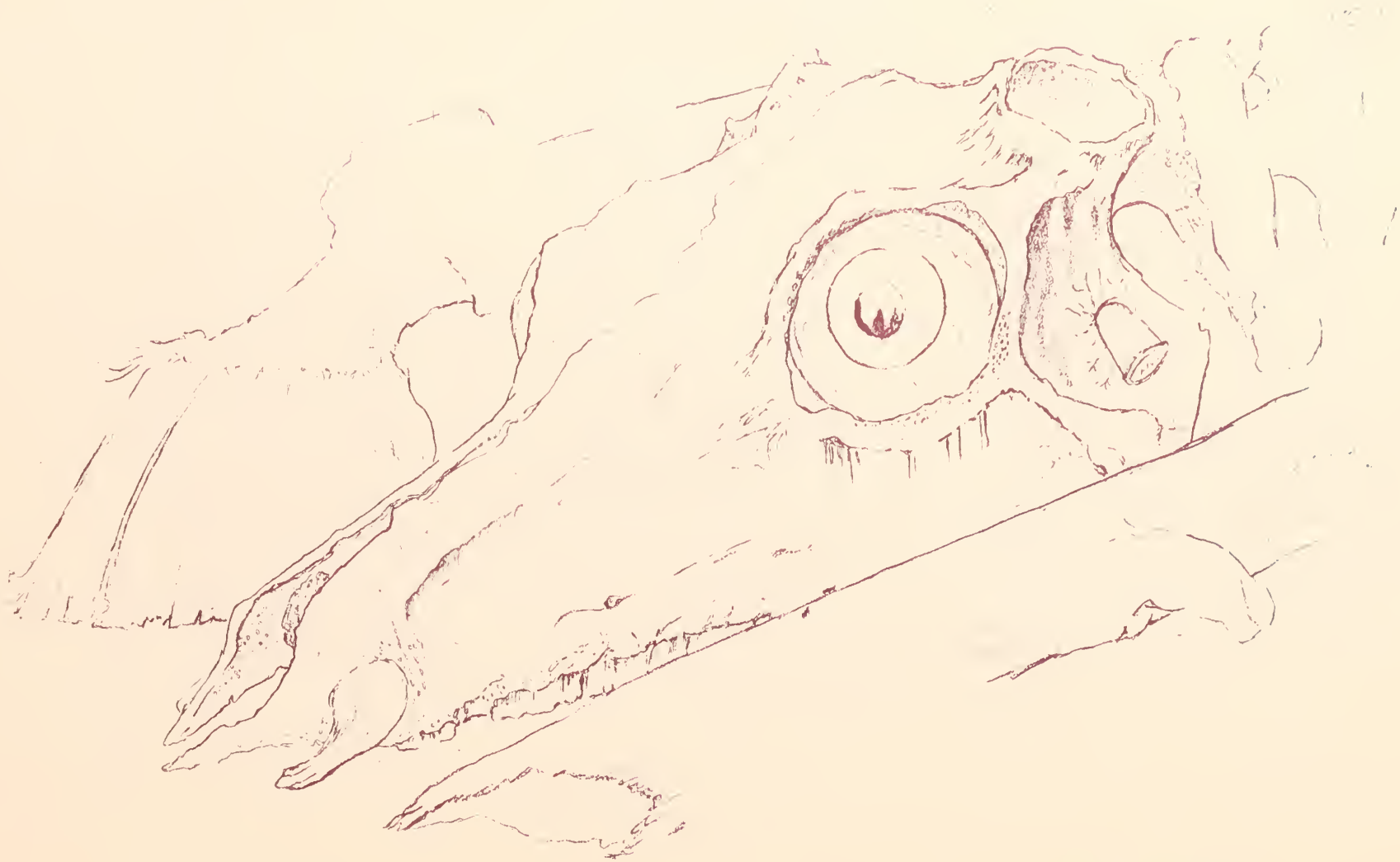
A switch
Turn it on love
Pain
Turns into darkness
it then
goes off
and so does the light that you brought.

Becky Smith

FREEDOM

I want to spread my wings and fly
Let me fuse with the sunset, so we can become one.
Let the worries flow out and the satisfaction
Of being free flow into me.
I want to touch the stars and let them enfold me.
I am a laser shooting into space,
Reaching up to touch the untouchable.
I am red, violet, and jade, turning around the stars.
I am no longer trapped.
I am free and I am happiness.

Jacqui Alexander



Robin Scotton

THE DOOR

Your arms do not surround me
Your love is not around me
   A vacancy
   A tear
That happiness now brings sadness
You wanted to move on
You shut the door behind you
and closed me out

Becky Smith

Mary Caldwell

YOU AND I

You and I
United as one
Channelling fates
Ugly deeds
A lasting love just begun....
You and I
Will succeed
Forever

Elizabeth Luna

An odd shaped snowflake
dancing through winter's crisp air
onto earth's white blanket

Ingrid DeVries

A rock makes a stone
a crushed stone is a pebble
Rocks are yet sandy.

Heidi Webber

I LOST THE LIFE

I lost the life, my anguish was over.
I carried it through, but my pain was only beginning.
I saw the light as it encircled my thought,
I was strangled.
I felt the ones who before me were taken,
The sense of each crowded my reason,
I was trapped inside my own crazed destiny.
I fell.
I was held by two, I screamed, I fought
I know it started, I wanted, I needed,
I controlled.

Mary Grace O'Hora

The rolling waves crash
the sky rumbles with anger
the earth got pulled down under

Anne DeRuzzo

Light pink petals there
a sweet smell to fill the air
a gift from heaven.

Elizabeth Bonsignore

Darkness will prevail
until a star of hope shines
if the sun should die.

Sarah Varley

The hot steamy air
showers on a summer day
coolness in the air.

Beth Bowen

Quiet is the night
And still is the ocean's wave
Beneath the abyss is life

Maria Clifford

Rain on your pillow
knocking on your bedroom door
peace is found in you.

Debi Goodman

Blue as the ocean
sky up above so bright
stillness in the night.

Beth Bowen

A rainbow's flavor
when cooked correctly will taste
like a slice of moon.

Sarah Varley

Sonja Speedy

The mountains stand tall
as the eagle swoops low
the earth stopped spinning

Anne DeRuzzo

A walk near the shore
water fills head with thoughts
of days no longer

Ingrid DeVries

The moon lost its glow
A dark haze settled above
to make way for snow

Ingrid DeVries

A DREAM

I woke early in the morning to see the colors of the rainbow in the sky
I see the trees in their magical wonder
And I see the dew on the grass and leaves

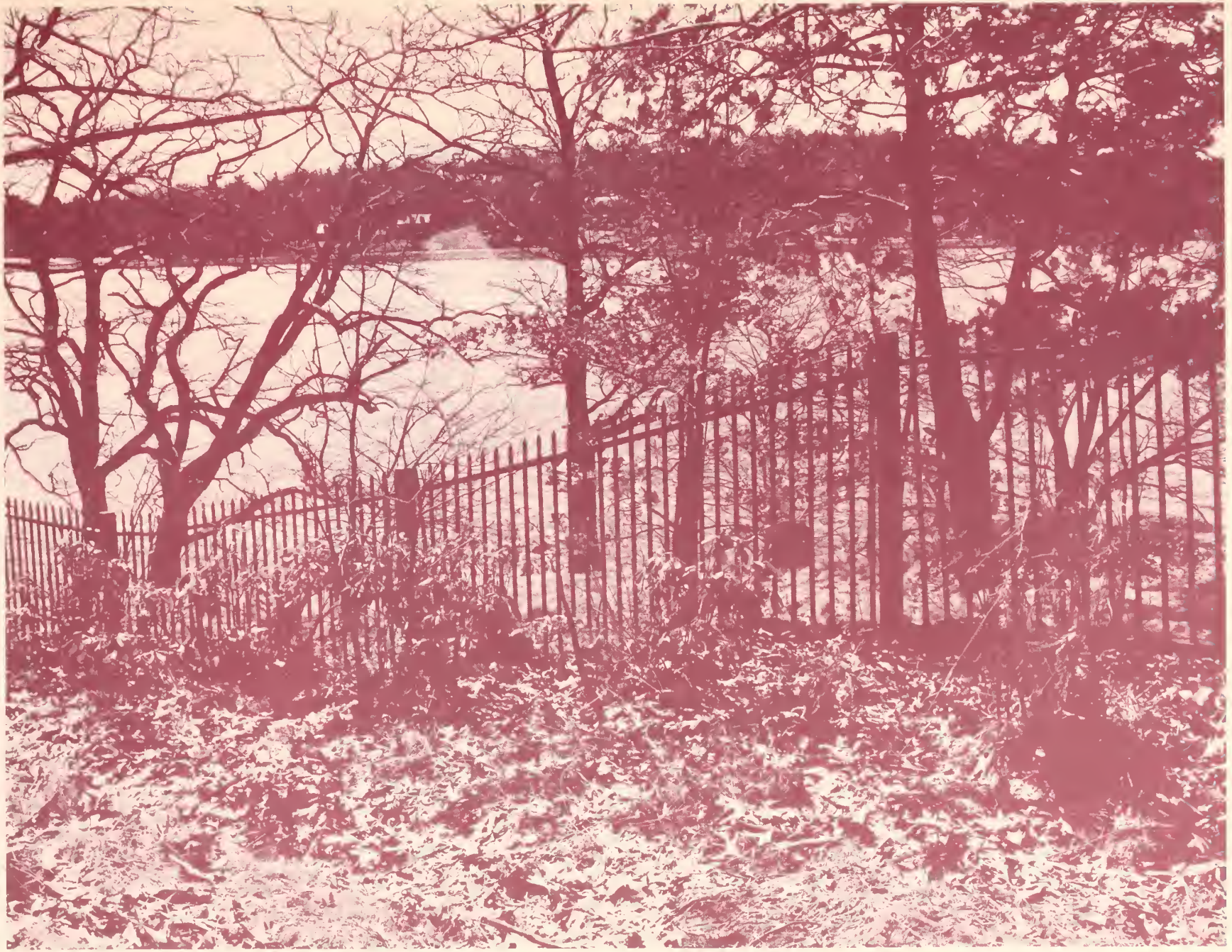
It had rained the night before, leaving pools of water all around
A drop falls from a leaf into one of the pools leaving smooth ripples searching for solid ground
When all is calm, I look into the water
I see the blue of the sky and the golden colored leaves

All is silent except for the birds who are singing
And the rustle of the leaves when the wind blows

More drops fall from the tree and the image is distorted
But still it is beautiful

I look up into the sky at the puffy clouds
They are a faded pink
Soon they will disappear
And as the day passes the sky will turn a dark blue
the stars will show themselves a bright white
And the moon will be full
And I will fall into a deep peaceful sleep
And I will dream of you.

Jennifer Bradford



Sherry Rega

Time is unanswered
only death marks this point
the time after birth.

Kim Lambert

The trees are so calm
As the wind blows through them
for summer is here.

Anna Pena

Snow softly falls down
white reflection brightens day
frosty images.

Elizabeth Bonsignore

Leaves with thick vessels
building new life everyday
dies by our own hands.

Elizabeth Bonsignore

So black is the night
When there is no one to share
thoughts that crowd one's mind.

Jill Morrison

Sherry Rega

A SOLDIER

A soldier
    found in the hearts of young men,
    living in the souls of the dead,
    fighting to be free again.
like
    the truth of all mankind,
    the beginning of another life,
    and my blue-eyed man.
seeking
    for what's right and wrong.

Debbie Kramer

The watery moon
the nestling evil fog
cries of a werewolf

Anne DeRuzzo

Whitecaps rolling in
saltwater scent in the air
hot sand underfoot

Sonja Speedy

Searching for their prey
Mosquitos buzz around you
Stopping for some fuel

Jodi Dunn

When I have a question and can find no answer I look up at the dark blue sky of the night and I ask the stars.

I am not a believer that the stars can rule the future or even that they can tell the past, but I do believe that they do have a certain magic.

The stars represent to me peace and serenity. They help me calm my troubled thoughts and float in a world of my own imagination. I can see anything I want to believe and I can believe anything that I see in the stars. This is nothing that anyone else can see, you understand because I see only what I want to, maybe also what I need to. The stars show me that even in my darkest hour there is still light.

To me darkness means doubt and light means hope and I believe that hope and doubt walk hand in hand. So when I ask the stars a question, I may not get an answer, but somewhere I do find hope for one.

Jennifer Bradford

Sweet are the wordless
songs of spring that nature sings
that most do not hear.

Jill Morrison

Sonja Speedy

As you close your eyes
dream of the flowers of spring
and taste the sunshine.

Debi Goodman

The descending branch
Is sadly carrying the squirrel
But it won't give in

Maria Clifford

As blue as the skies
the water runs quick and deep
over the smooth rocks.

Jill Morrison

The golden moon above
big, yellow, and full of light
now left out of sight.

Anna Pena

FIRST PRIZE: PROSE

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK

Before the house lights went down, ripples of excitement went through the trendy crowd at the Orpheum Theatre. The air was still, except for billowing smoke that came into view when beams of light penetrated it. People filed in and sat in the dilapidated red velvet seats and began chattering about what the band would play. Above us, footsteps thundered in the balconies and security men shouted for people to snuff out cigarettes. Finally, screeches of delight from young girls echoed through the antiquated hall as Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark took the stage.

I leapt to my feet with the throng of other OMD enthusiasts when Andrew McCluskey, the willowy, effervescent lead singer bounced onto the stage. His mellifluous voice reverberated through the concert hall, and I felt as though the beat of the music passed through to my soul. The driving force behind the band, Paul Humphreys, smiled at the girls who clambered onstage and danced around his synthesizers before the road crew pulled them off. The horn section played before a backdrop colored red, sometimes green by the stage lights; and they danced in unison as their shadows did the same. As they played jazzy tunes I felt as though I was watching a 1940's Big Band with the trumpet players and drummer elevated behind the singer.

Unable to stand still, we moved into the aisle while the beat filtered into our bodies and we began to dance. The crowd was joined together as we sang our favorites, led by the captivating crooner who brought many adolescent schoolgirls to tears. We exhausted ourselves in the steamy chamber by singing, dancing and applauding; and begged for one encore after another.

Not wanting the concert to end, we remained until the last possible moment. Blinking as the Orpheum was flooded with light, we trudged out into the cool night air.

Lesley Shinn

Purple setting sun
Evil rests upon the land
Bats flying in the sky

Anne DeRuzzo

One day you will be
invited to share all the
beauty life's giving

Elizabeth Luna

Twisted the grapevines
As some tongues are throughout life
Spider web is spun

Meca Sauls

Marlene Brenes

Sonja Speedy

HONORABLE MENTION

THE HORSEFLY--A SOURCE OF SUMMER TERROR

Every summer, along with the sun, fun, and games come the dreaded horseflies. "Watch out for that one; he's a big bugger," shouts my brother as he dodges a near collision with the massive fly. In the poolyard a person becomes fair game for the horseflies, who swoop down like World-War II planes in search of the enemy. They are merciless creatures in search of only one thing: blood.

There are several feeble ways by which to rid oneself of these atrocious organisms. One is to keep a damp towel within reach in order to slap the fly to death. This is also a recommended way to develop the upper biceps. Another device in discouraging the horsefly is to totally submerge one's body into the pool's depths, except for the feet which are to remain above the water. Then, thrash wildly with the soles of the feet in hopes of scaring the horsefly to death. I must warn that this will only make the horsefly disappear temporarily and most likely the fly will be back in full force with a few of its friends.

The horsefly readily enjoys the cuisine of mammal flesh. My dog has become an unwilling addition to the horsefly's menu. During horsefly season my dog refuses to set foot, or paw, rather, in the poolyard because the flies have become more than a nuisance to her. If by some misfortune my dog finds herself in the vicinity of the poolyard she turns into a paranoid pooch, constantly looking over her shoulder in search of her immortal foe. When a fly takes the initiative to bite her, the pooch lets out a mournful howl and ridiculously begins to chase her tail in endless circles. The horseflies make a habit of stripping dogs as well as humans of all dignity. Just recently upon viewing my father being pursued by an aggressive fly I noticed he was doing a jig of sorts, similar to that of the Rumba.

I personally feel that a horsefly's life is eternal. They are as durable as plastic and quite untrustworthy. One must never turn his back on a horsefly (or lend it the keys to the car).

So what is to be done with the infamous horsefly? My suggestion is that the next time you see a horsefly coming at you from the sky--give it the finger and run for cover as fast as you can. It always feels good to have the last word!

Mary Caldwell

Marlene Brenes

The babbling brook
reflecting sunshine for those
to see the passage.

Elizabeth Bonsignore

Sonja Speedy

THE VIPER

The power you convey
Has destroyed me
I am your prey
I am your love

I am in fear of leaving
It is not secure
It is not pleasing

It is lonely
yet it is crowded
You say you are in love
Yet you show naught

You've forced me
You've hurt me
I could but beg and plead,

I fear my dreams of you
But yet I won't let go of them
I want to be rid of you
But yet I want you

Vicious you are by night
Loving you appear in light

Why have you taken hold?
Why have you grown so cold?

I was in love that summer
I was young and innocent
You were bold and rakish
I was impressed

You've spoiled that little girl's image
You've broken her heart
You've stolen her innocence
I haven't seen her since

She won't be with us anymore
She died without her virtue
Stolen by the Viper
Who wears it with pride.

Sherry Rega

THE HAPPY HOUSEWIFE

I'm still a prisoner in my house.
I still have to work everyday.
The rocks keep piling up in the form of
clothes, dishes and furniture.
The warden is always handing out tests,
formulas and failures.
I tried to escape so many times,
My body has no strength left.
You might as well bring on the rocks.

Jacqui Alexander

Looking around me,
City high snowy peaks,
Represent God's creation

Maria-Jose Pabon

The defrosting snow
creating streams in motion
flowing endlessly

Robin Kiskunes

So disappointed
Seagulls sitting on seashore
Tranquility comes

Heidi Webber

Sunshine, buzzing bees
Busy pollinating rose
Cleansing rain renews

TommiLee Campbell-Riquinha

Petunias come forth
Open your petals of life
into the sunlight

Sherry Rega

In the midst of the morning light I see
A figure staring back at me
And in my mind there flashes a memory
Of something that used to be

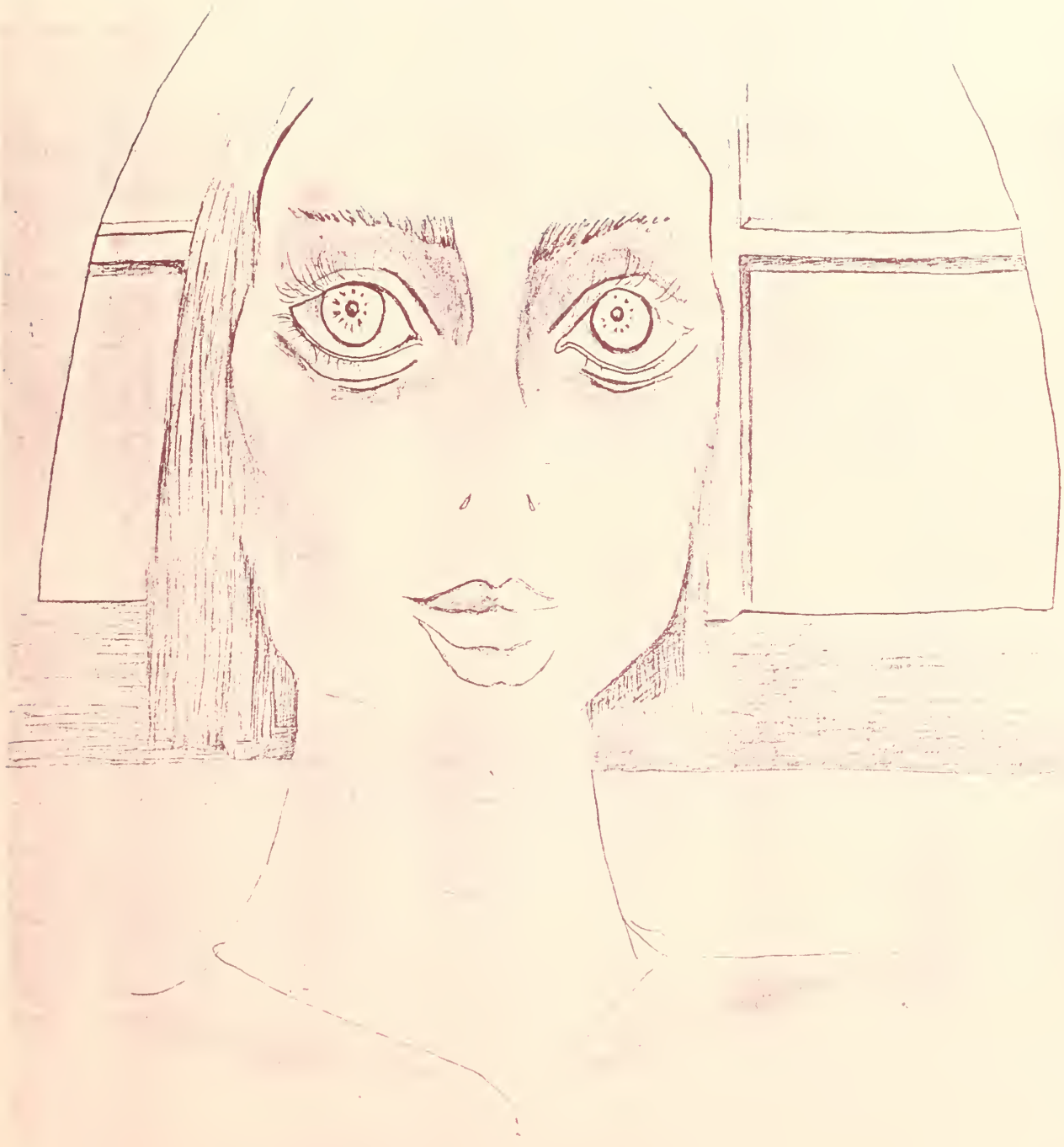
Jennifer Bradford

Within the sunlight
Bursts of red, yellow, orange
Fell upon the ground

Sherry Rega

High above the clouds
But low below the Heavens
Arrows of light strike

Maria Clifford



Robin Scotton

GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD

Goodbye cruel world,
I have no reason to live.
You've left me bloodless with no more tears to shed.
I have fought Society and won,
With no prize to call my own.
I have surrendered to you,
And now I am your chattel.
I have no reason to Live nor Love
And so, to you I sell a worthless soul
To take, to mold, to mend for your purpose.
What was once mine is now yours
Return to me a reason to live, to strive, to be.
Give to me a jewel beyond value
For through you, I found complete fulfillment
In an unfulfilling world.

Jacqui Alexander

DO ME A FAVOR DEAR FRIEND

Do me a favor dear friend
Speak no evil
Tell no lies
Because evil and lies devour hope and happiness
And without hope and happiness we have no lives to live

Jennifer Bradford

Once tall and lovely
now stripped of its bark and leaves
left without its pride

Robin Kiskunes

Material lust
Bringing hatred to our lives
The monster lives on

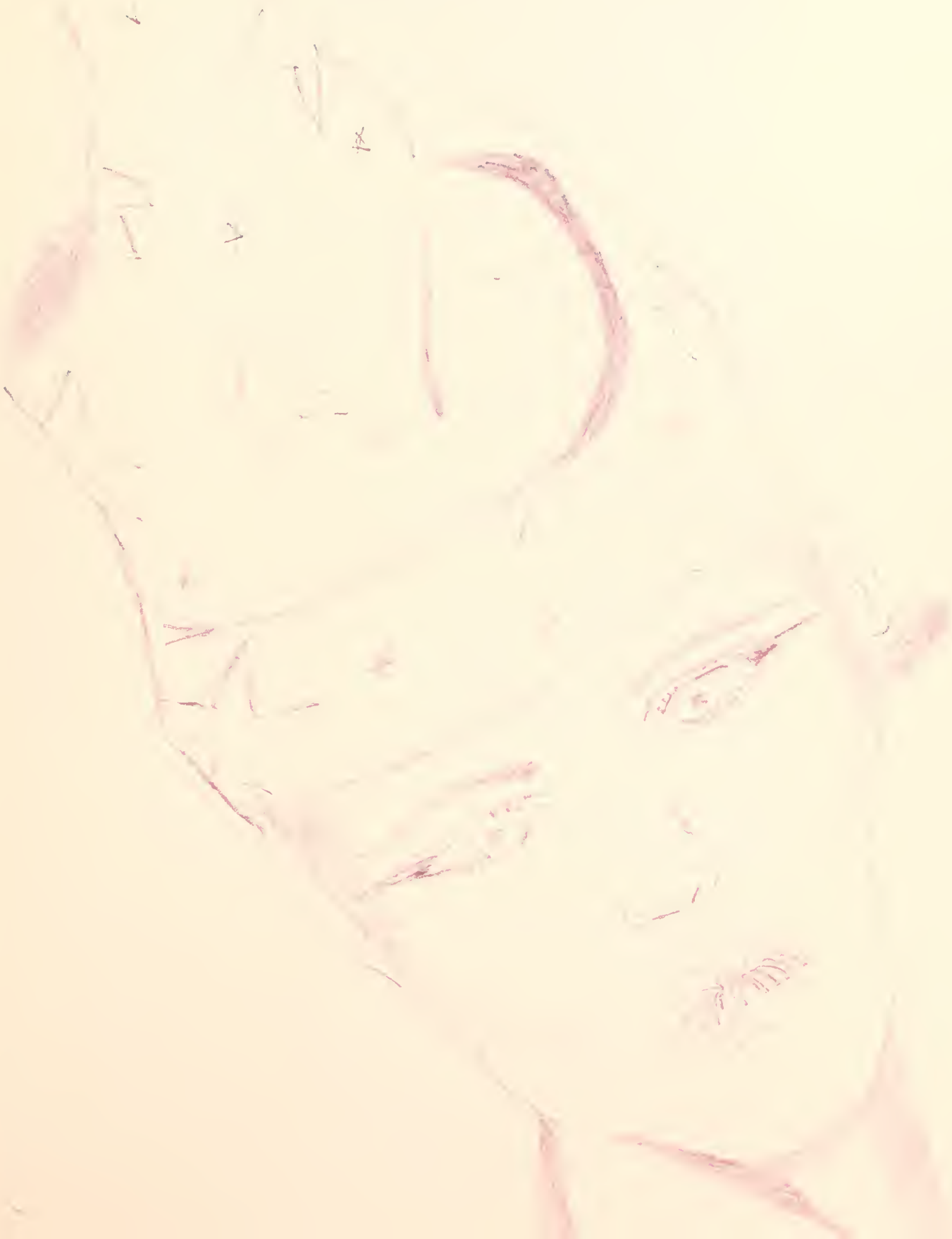
Cynthia Lofgren

Fatal, dark life
But a bud begins living
Memories in past

Maria Clifford

A white flake drifting
Soft blanket covers her head
A rest is her right

Karla Rednall



AFRAID

It's funny to think that I could be in love again
Especially with someone like you
Someone who makes me feel special
And wanted
And needed

I never thought
Or dreamed
That it could happen so fast
Or feel so good

I'm still scared though
I'm afraid, still, that love is just a passing feeling
That you
Or I
Will just fade away
And forget what is so special about each other

I will not though
Let that stand in the way
Of how I feel about you now

I will instead
Let my feelings flow
And appreciate your warmth
When you're lying beside me

And when I hold you
I will not think
Of what it would be like
Should you let go

And when I see your smile
I will not be afraid
That the next time I look
The smile will no longer be there

For now I will just be content
To lie next to you
And hold you
And appreciate your smile

But I will tell you
That in the back of my mind
I will always
Be a little
Afraid

Jennifer Bradford

Jeanne Clarkin

AN EXPERIENCE

The times were fun
The people nice
The lessons worthwhile

For all the time
That I spent there
Always made me smile

Now the times are over
All the people are gone
But the lessons will remain

For all my advisors
And all my new friends
Business will not be the same

For all that we learned
Every one of us
Will help us in the end

To start a new
And not be scared
To learn the work we tend

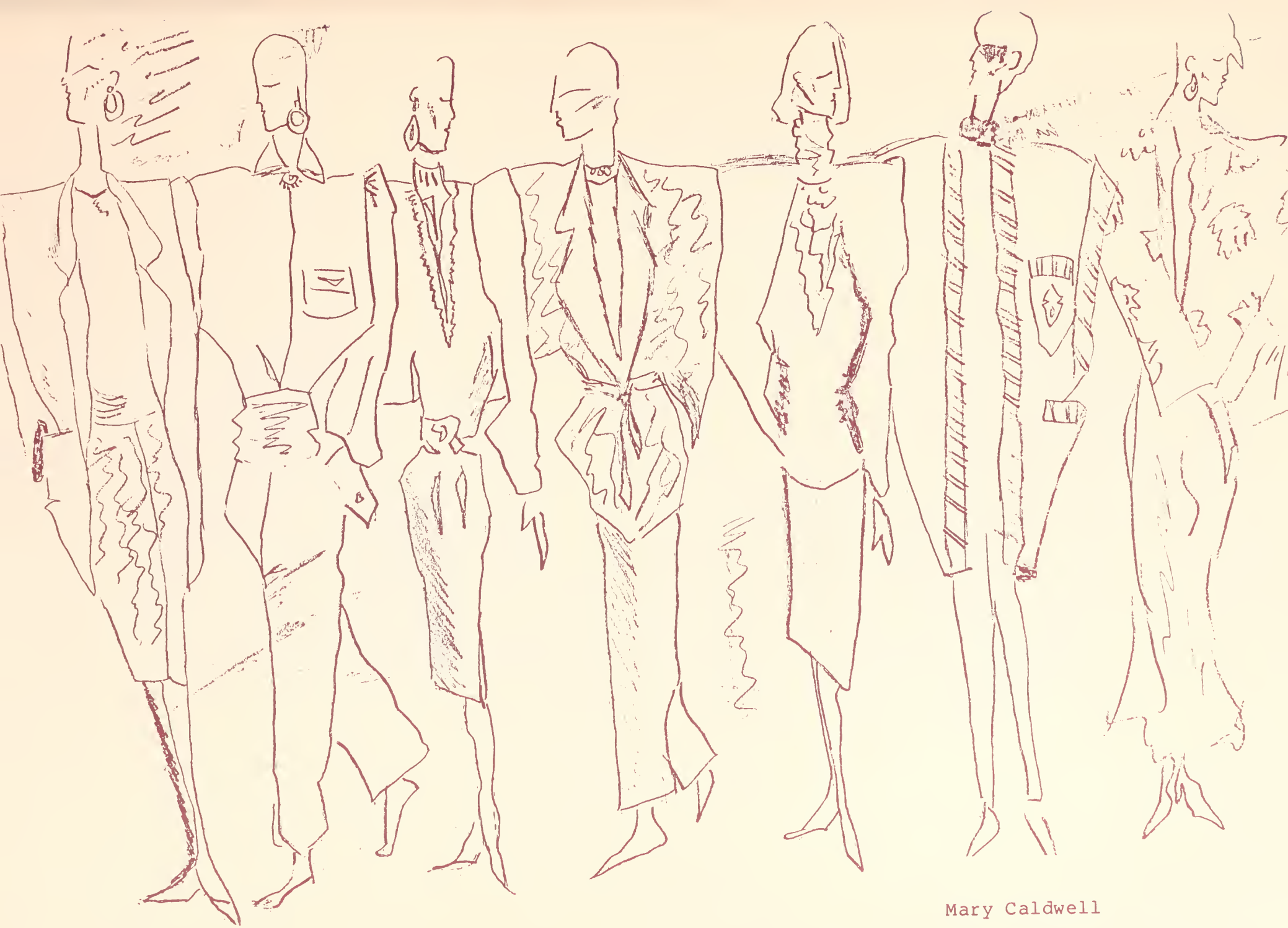
Jennifer Bradford

HONORABLE MENTION

CLOTHES

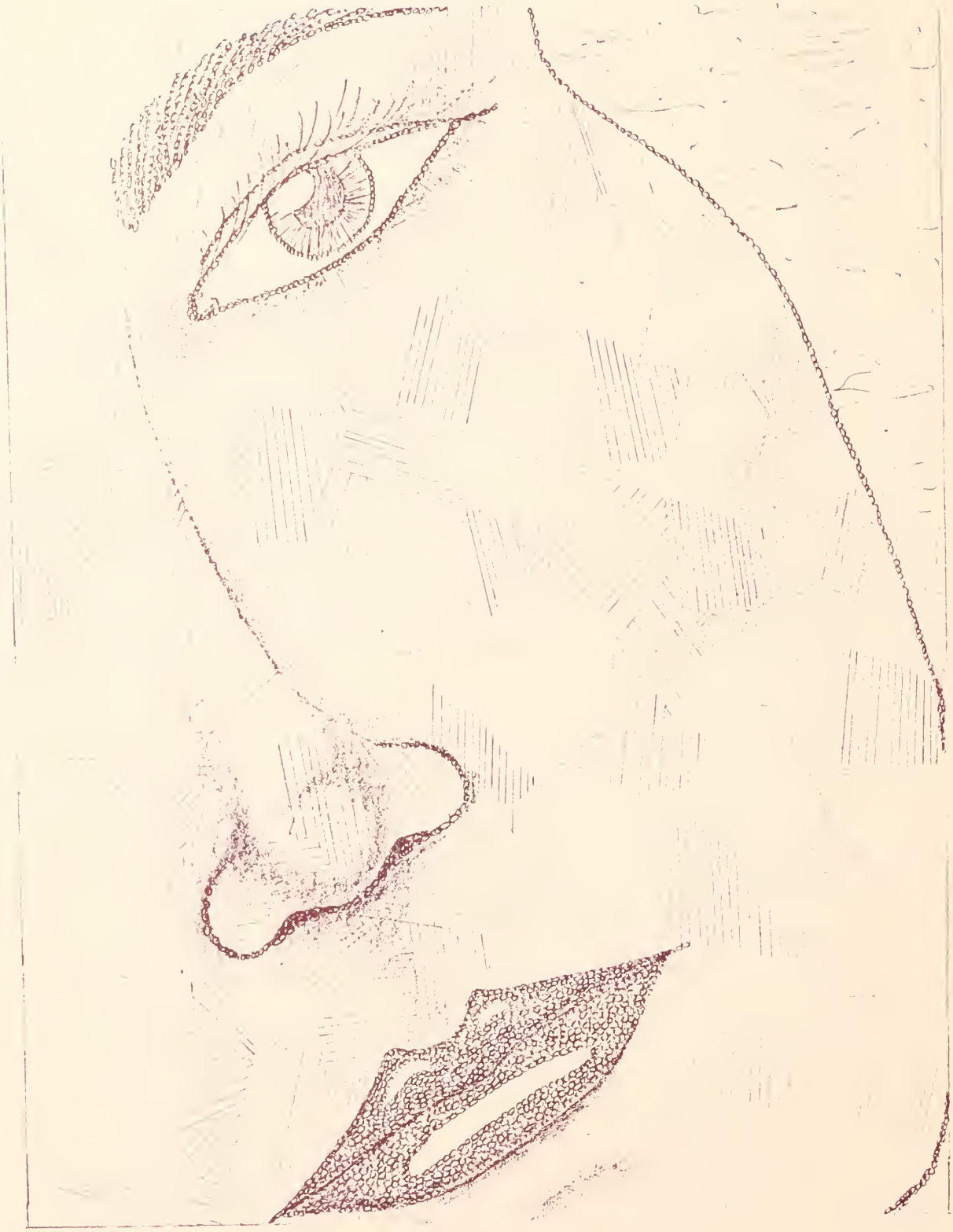
What would women do without clothes?
How else could we cover up our mistakes?
Who can see the withered petals,
At the bottom of a luxurious rose?
How can you tell that a swan with pure white
Feathers is brown underneath?
Let me frame myself in a satin masterpiece,
and, suddenly, cool sophistication appears.
It's easy, when you let your clothes master you.
Masculine yet soft to accentuate every part of you.
Clothes!
What else can a woman hide behind?
Of course, we would not think of discussing
the price of a masterpiece.
Why spoil the dream?

Jacqui Alexander



Mary Caldwell

FIRST PRIZE: ART



Jeanne Clarkin

HONORABLE MENTION

A LIFE

We dance in time
to soft streams
of regal music
which guides the trained legs
to glide
with gentle arms
we sashay, pirouette, arabesque
a time of joy
a fullfillment of purpose
we dance in time
we dance for life.

Karla A. Rednall

The dark clouds above
look threatening and angry
at the earth below

Brenda Almstrom

Cool water flowing
frogs leaping, water splashing
The brook swells with sound

Jennifer Wright

Free as a deer
calm as a blue river
rested she was

Rina DeVito

HOW DARE YOU LIE TO YOURSELF

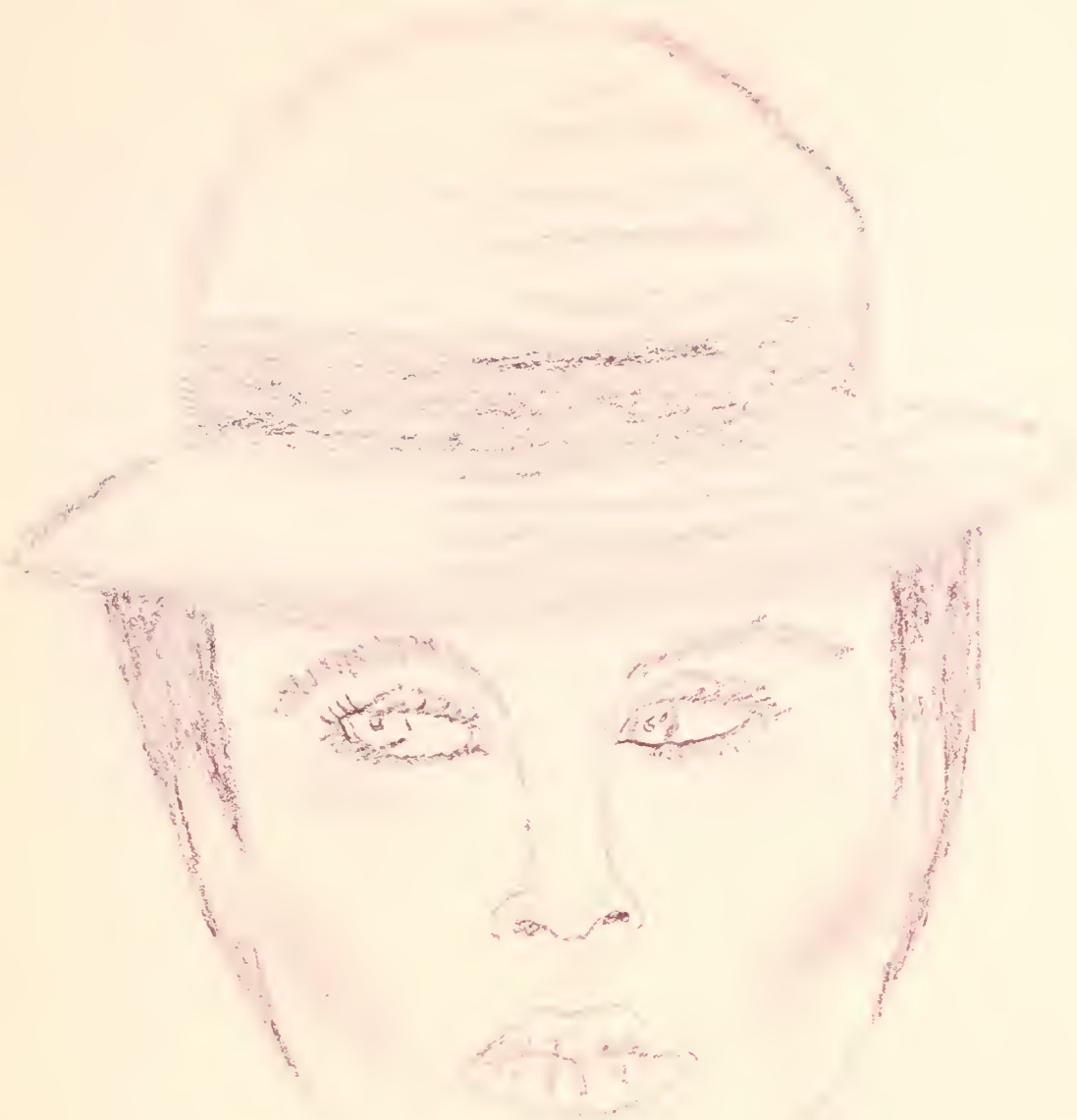
How dare you lie to yourself
You uncertain boy
She puts you on a shelf
Uses you like a toy

She is rich with money
I am rich with love
She may think it's funny
I pray for help from above

She laughs with happiness
I am laughing too
She has your sweet caress
But I am laughing at you

Jennifer Bradford

Sherry Rega



Marlene Brenes

Marlene Brenes

HONORABLE MENTION

WHO'S FALLING?

This bench. This empty pond.
Soak it all in
Cause you'll never get
What you had here again.

Smother that emotion
That's what you're good at
They'll all leave
Because of what you've done.

The leaves will drift away
Just like those so-called friends
And then decompose beneath your feet
As the experience dims.

For something not to fade or drift away
You must never give up hope
Like the hope of clinging to a tree
While the cold wind lashes at you.

Margaret Moizeau

In the darkest hour
And the chill of the night
I must find some power
In the warmth of the light

I will start a fire
Fresh and new
To fill my desire
To be with you

The flame will linger
And grow from your love
A ring on my finger
My hand in your glove

A poisoned arrow
Shot into your brain
Flames suck you in
No more mine to claim

Jennifer Bradford

Sherry Rega

The winter darkness
cold, frigid and soon a storm
destroy a tiny tree

Andrea Santos

The slither of death
rattling threats from below
sheds their skin for life

Anne DeRuzzo

The raindrops twinkled
The earth is being reborn
The chirps of bluejays

Pam McKeown

WHITE FLOWER

Oh white flower
What do you do there?
Blowing in the wind
Lazing in the sun
So beautiful
But all alone.

What do you say?
When a stranger walks up to you,
And comments on your beauty,
then simply walks away.

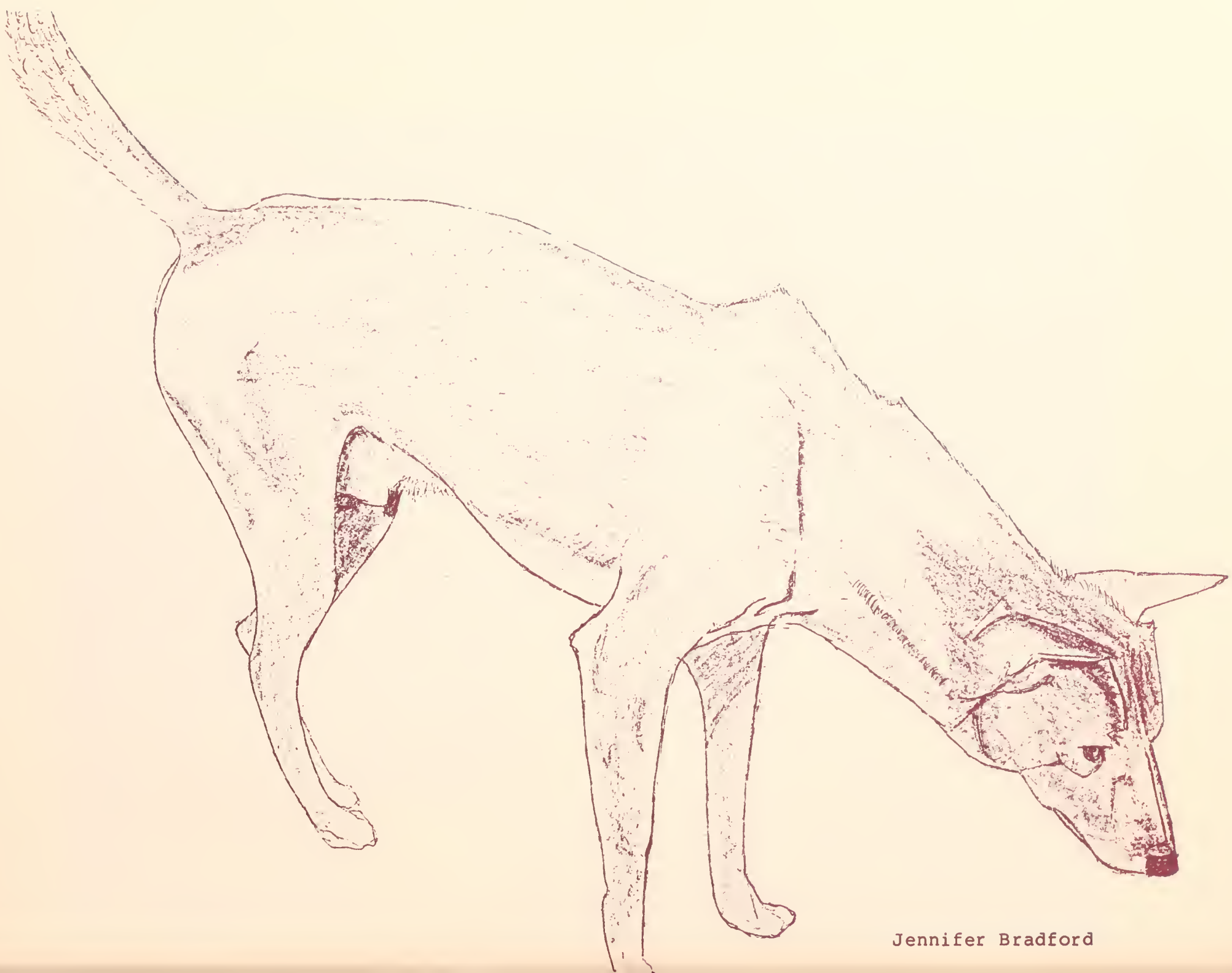
What do you think?
When all the other flowers,
However repulsive and ugly,
Are picked instead of you.

How do you feel?
When all your friends and neighbors
Go away,
And leave you all alone.

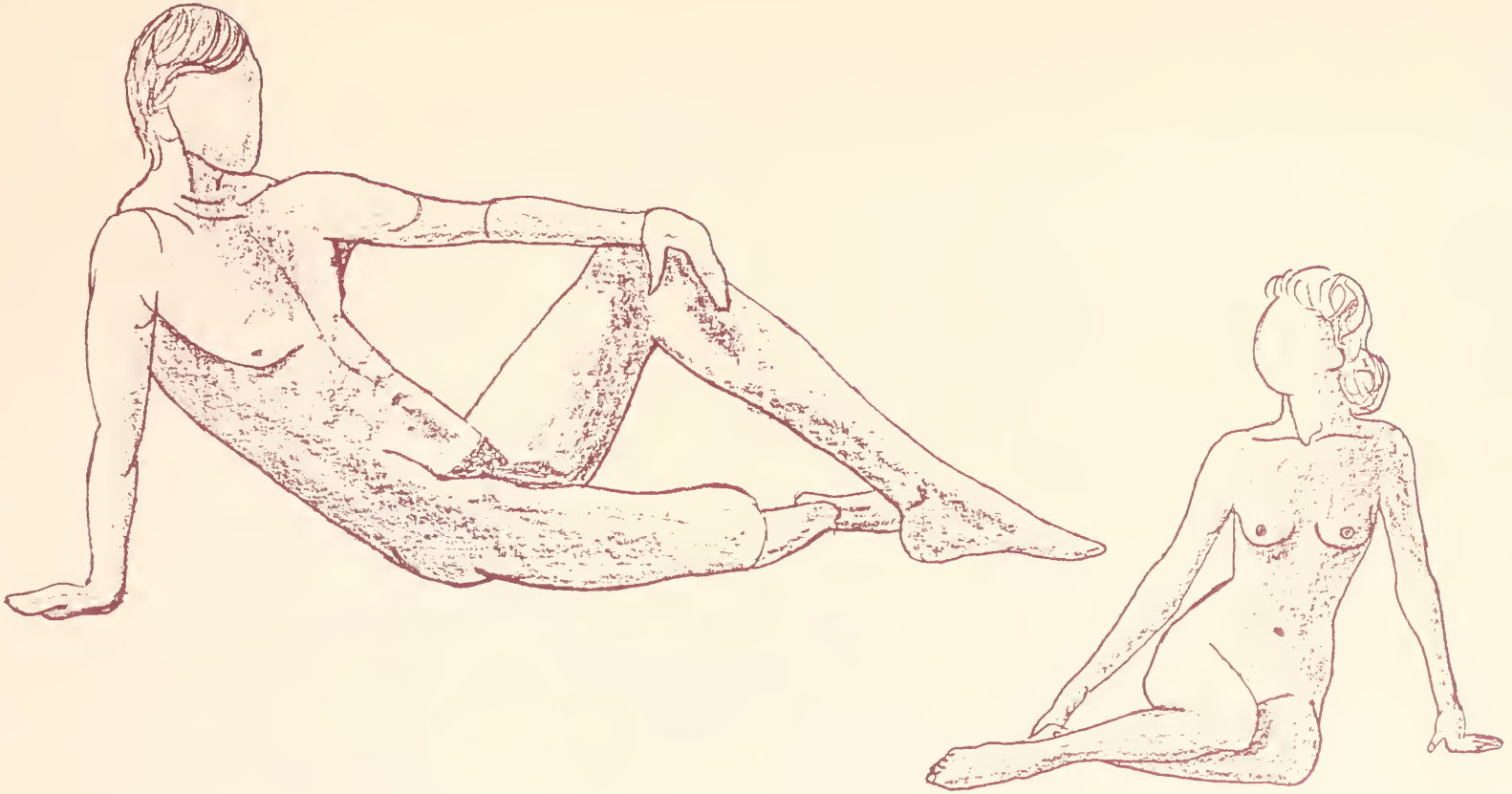
Some day,
White flower,
Someone will see
How beautiful and elegant
You are.

Jennifer Bradford

Sherry Rega



Jennifer Bradford



Jennifer Bradford

DESTRUCTION

Destruction. That's the word I'm looking for. "The state or fact of being destroyed." That is what it says in the dictionary. And that is what can happen to you if you're not careful.

It can destroy you
It can rip you apart
It can change everything about you.

And it will.
If you give it a chance

The process is a slow one.
You don't realize it at first
And the changes are small ones
So it doesn't matter to you

But as time passes
It will invade what is most vital to you.
Your heart
Your soul
And your mind
And it will destroy you
But only once if you're lucky

The funny thing is, though,
That people strive for this
They want it
They need it
And no one can live without it

Jennifer Bradford

SAILING

The tranquility of sailing,
feeling free and calm.
Cool breezes blow through my hair
lifting my spirit and soul.
The sun beams down on my body,
and warms me from the winds above.
I see a reflection in the water.
I know I've seen it many times before.
It must be my love watching over me,
for who else could bring
me such warmth and beauty
on this wonderful day.

Debbie Kramer

The clamoring trees
Bright moonlight and soft starlight
musical crickets

Sonja Speedy

Life everlasting
mountains of eternity
to die is to live

Anne DeRuzzo

All stars twinkling
Each point with definition
Imagination so great

Amanda Sybicki

FIRST PRIZE: POETRY

I DID

I adored the way your hair always
stubbornly strayed from its place
and how you self-consciously patted
it into position.

I admired your attempt to appear
domestic, burning our steaks and
setting the fire alarm off.

I put up with your beloved dog even
though he made a habit of using
our den as his bathroom.

I smiled at your jokes, however corny,
because I yearned to see you smile.

I pretended not to feel when I found her letters.

I cried when you left.

I laughed when in the court settlement,
I got the house,
the kids,
and Rover.

Mary Caldwell

The buzzing of bees
Some are scary creatures
But honey is sweet

Pam McKeown

Cold, hungry small bird
oh summer will soon begin
healthy you will be

Andrea Santos

Walking on the sand
smelling salt throughout the air
summertime is here.

Debi Goodman

Marlene Brenes

Calm as the sunset
happy are those who believe
each day brings new light.

Debi Goodman

The cold air blowing
makes the rose hide itself
from the cold wind.

Sheryl Nado

Sherry Rega

WHAT AM I TO DO

Watching the shadows on the wall
Seeing them rise and seeing them fall
Reminding me of what my life is like
Full of ups and downs

I don't know where to turn
I don't know where to hide
I don't know what is happening
Maybe I'm losing my mind

Confusing thoughts run through my head
like a whirlpool or of that kind
My head is dizzy, yet I am still
What am I to do?

I look one way and see the future
But then the past flashes by
So then I look away momentarily
And when I look back it's too late

I have lost my chance once again
I froze at the mere thought of reccurence
My new future has now faded away
And now I must find a new one again

Jennifer Bradford

A tear descending
down the child's smooth cheek
was actually a raindrop

Jennifer Boudrot

The beautiful moon
big and full of surprises
once here, now you're gone

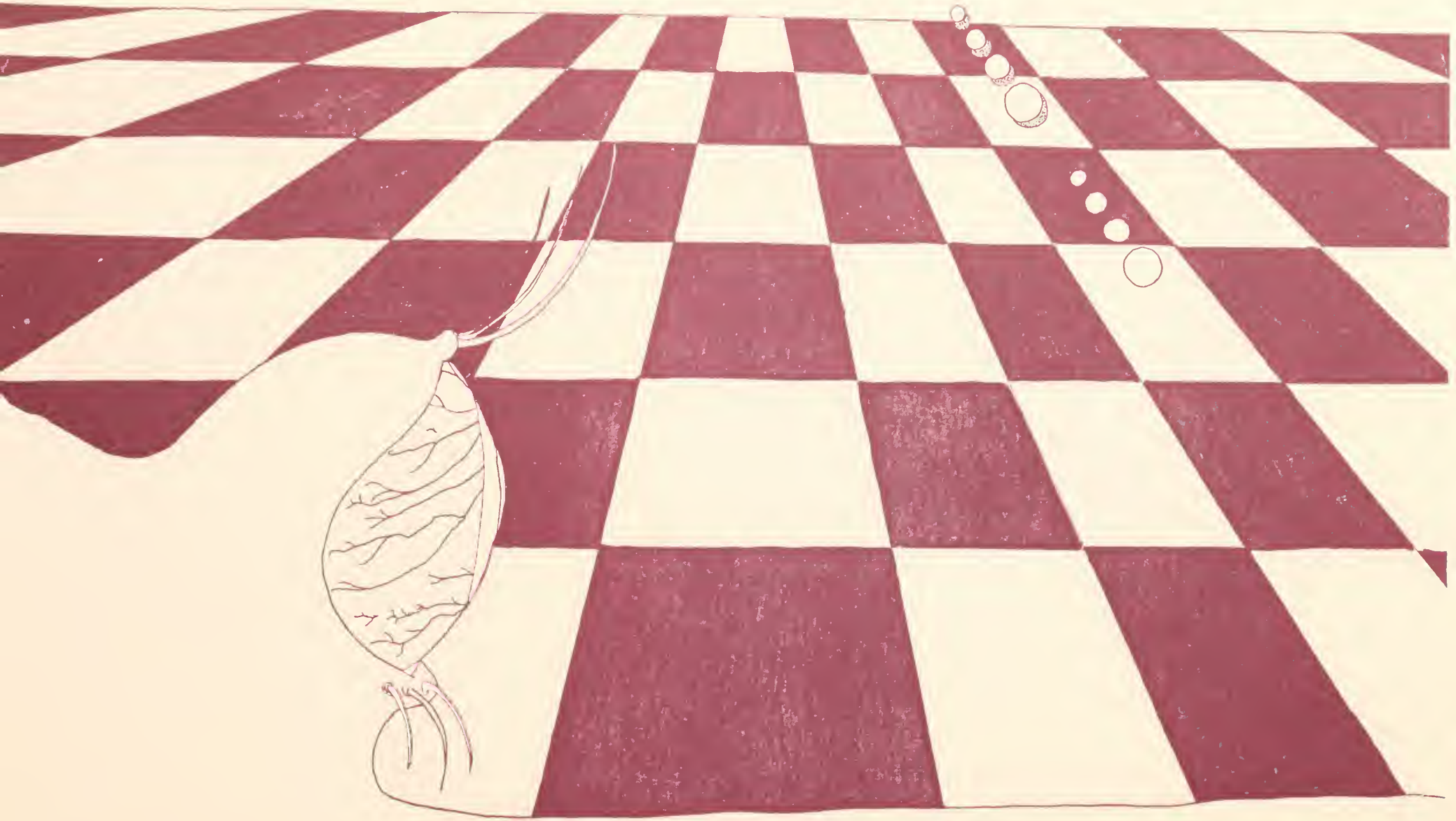
Andrea Santos

Snow blowing outside
The unwrapping of presents
The poor eyes watching

Pam McKeown

A chill in the air
As I watch the birds fly by
Grass clings to my hair

Amanda Sybicki



Robin Scotton

THE BEAUTY OF THE RAIN

The sun rises with the birds and the day
And the young children play
Some in groups
And some alone
Seeming lost in their own world of imagination
And the warm breeze blows through the leaves in the trees where
the birds are

As the birds sing their sweet songs
And the children play their games
A shadow crosses over their path and everything is silent

The shadow in the clouds ripe with rain
And the rain comes down and washes all the beauty away
And the rain brings sadness into the day of the beauty

But sadness doesn't last forever
Neither does the sun or the rain
For something will come along and take all the sadness away as you
did for me

You wiped the tear away that trickled down my cheek
And you took my sadness away by showing me the beauty of the rain

The way it helps things grow
And washes others away
And the way it makes everything green again
For the next beautiful, sun-filled day

So the children can play again
And the birds can sing
And so I can see the beauty again
Of every little thing

Jennifer Bradford

O brilliant colors
brushed lightly over the cloudy sky
Heaven give a sign

Anne DeRuzzo

A cold winter day
Nature reveals its humor
Transmitting fear to us.

Maria-Jose Pabon

Busy, run hither...
feelers busy milking aphids
sand pushed to surface.

TommiLee Campbell-Riquinha

LIFE EVER AFTER

As I sat on a large cliff facing the never-ending boundaries of Eternity, I couldn't help studying the reflections of the sun upon the crystal blue sea. With each ripple of the waves, diamond-like shapes were created. The sound of a child's laughter emanated from below. With great wonder and curiosity, I strained my eyes to focus on the little girl. I watched her coming out of the water, her dark hair shining. As she wrapped the Turkish towel around her small frame, her dark eyes looked up at me. Continuing to look at her, I realized she was not just an ordinary girl.

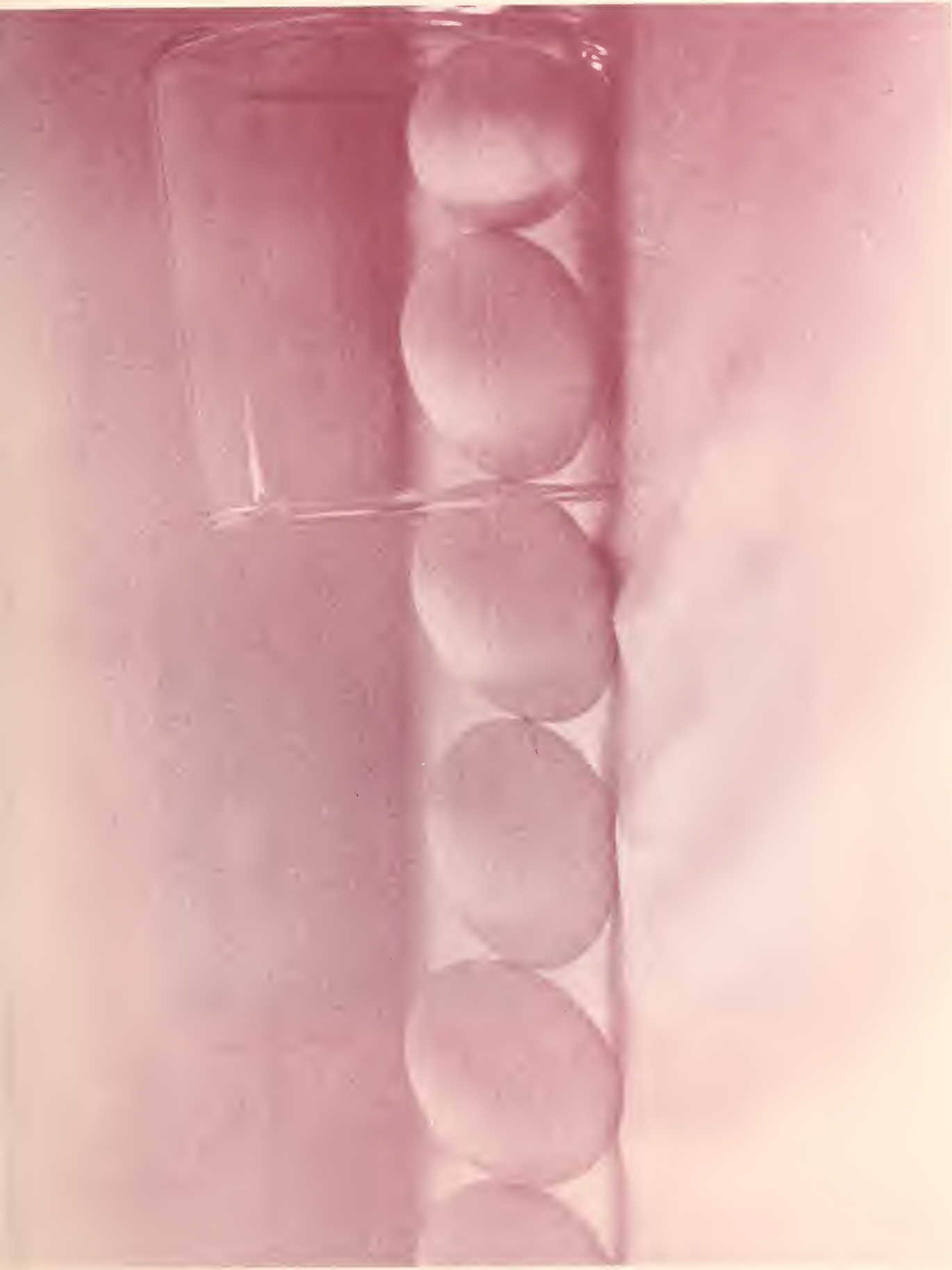
Something was triggered inside of me and I felt the compelling need to talk to her. As I proceeded down the steps of the cliff, the girl was starting to walk off the beach. I then ran up to her and introduced myself. It so happened that her name was "Mary" also. Finding this coincidental, I was curious to know where she came from. Her reply was, "Canton, Massachusetts." I tried not to appear overly pushy, prying into her life, but something about her gave me an eerie feeling. A chill ran down my spine as she mentioned the street she lived on. It was even the same number! But this couldn't be; she must have been lying. The things she told me about herself I already knew, because she was describing me. But why was she living in my house and living my life? This was mine and I am the only person who has a right to take it over. I couldn't take it anymore and closed my eyes and let out a piercing scream.

As I stood on the large cliff, I watched the sun's reflections on the water disappear. A satiny, white cloud came down and enveloped me and soon I was whisked away, looking down at the girl once again.

Mary DeBaggis

Sonja Speedy

HONORABLE MENTION



Mary Caldwell

MY WILD ESCAPADE

I am on a rampage,
getting away from life.
Locked inside myself,
helpless and scared,
I hear your voice through distant sighs.
Darkness of the Eternal,
whispers from beyond,
shattering my soul.
They are chasing me,
oh, let me free.
I'm trying to find you,
which way do I go? which way do I turn?
Faster and faster I run, then trip and fall.
It is over....
   I hear the seagulls.
      Is this Heaven...or Hell?

Debbie Kramer